The two had walked the whole day, but "I guess we will have to camp in the snow!" said King Cuthbert. After a short hunt Herold discovered a cave, and calling the King they both went in there, which was at least better than lying in the cold and damp snow. Herold arranged the King's big cloak, and his master was soon asleen, but the boy did not want to go to

-BT-

ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

It was in the middle of a very cold, dreary

Nature was asleep under a sheet of deep

snow, and the trees seemed to be stretching

out their bare branches for more pleasanter

surroundings, like a naked man begging for

It was very late at night; the moon stood

high above the largest trees in the forest,

and as the reflections of the endless snow-

field shone against the frost-covered fir

trees the entire woodland scenery looked

There seemed to be nobody who liked to be

about on such a night, but yet there was some-

body. Just now a tall figure, with a large

fur mantle around him, a heavy sealskin

cap on his head, enormous boots on his feet,

a long sword dangling by his side and an

Rescuing the Dwarf.

arrow and bow over his shoulder, came

ever and anon his eyes would searchingly

tion. Let me hope its inmates are hospita-

ble to a lost wanderer." Thus said the man to himselt as he hurried toward the little

ing the stranger was early astir, and when

all of them sat around the table drinking their hot coffee to prepare against the cold

it, \$100,000. I guess it is enough to keep you from starvation for the rest of your life. Now I want to do something else. I like your boy Herold, and I want to take him with me to my castle. I will take well care

of him, and it he has a mind to be may be

come one of the mightiest men in our land. What do you think of my proposition?"
Old John was at first dumiounded when

he saw that vast amount of money before him, but after a while his self-possession re-

turned to him and he replied:
"I am very much obliged to you, dear
King, but I do not like to part with my boy

lienty of money flow and you do not need to work any more. Now I would like to go and learn something, and I think the King is very kind to take charge of me."

"So the old man was talked over and he

agreed to let his son go, if he would promise to return home within a year. Herold did

like an army of ghosts out on parade.

a piece of clothing.

still they did not arrive at the King's castle, and in the evening they found themselves in the depth of the forest and no place could they see where they might stay for

asleep, but the boy did not want to go to sleep no matter how much the King berged him to do so.

"I am vour servant," said Herold, "I will watch while you are asleep." The King had to consent to this, although much against his will, but the boy was determined. After Cathbert had been asleep about an hour, the boy suddenly heard a noise not far from the cave. He listened, and it seemed to him as if somebody was being killed. He heard a voice like the crying of a child. Herold ran out of the cave, and when he looked around he saw a Plin big snake, which had coiled itself around the body of a dwarf. Herold realized the the whole situation at once, and if he had not, the dwarf, who had seen him, very soon told him "For heaven's sake," cried the little man, in a pitiful voice, "help me or I shall get

Harold at once ran back into the cave to fetch King Cuthbert's hig sword. Then he san up to the snake, and with a blow he severed the head from the beastly reptile's body. The snake was dead, and the dwarf was now soon extricated from his danger-

"I am a thousand times obliged to you,"



said the little man to Herold; "ask me what I can do for you and it shall be done Herold replied that he did not want any-

Well, you stay with the King, and I will send his men here. But let me see: I will you saved my life just now. Here, take this belt, which has the wonderful quality of conferring swiftness upon the party who wears it. If you put it on and simply say the words, 'I would like to be in Cnina,' the belt will take you there in two seconds. Take it, my boy; it may be of use to you. and as long as you have it you will remem-ber this night and your fight with the

snake." Then the dwarf disappeared, and Merold, with the belt around his waist, walked back into the cave, where the King was still asleep. Suddenly the sounds of a bugle rapidly walking through the snow. It was born and trumpets resounded through the a big, powerful and handsome man. You forest. The King awoke from the noise, a big, powerful and nandsome man. You and he got up. When he got outside he could see he was not afraid, because the found all his generals and officers awaiting gaunt appearance of the ghostlike trees did him. The dwarf had brought them there. Everybody was glad that the King had been not seem to concern him in the least. The found, and the whole party immediately set out on a march toward the King's castle. man seemed to be looking for something, for

glance all around him. At last he stopped, for he appeared to have found what he wanted. About 100 yards away from him he saw a small light shining through the parrow window of a little log cabin. "At last I believe I have found a human habitathe young lady had been taken to. The whole country-was in great despair and sorrow, because Bolinda was a favorite of everybody who knew her. When the King Arrived at the place he knocked against the door. In another second a young man pushed back the bolt and bade him enter. The big man walked into a small room where a man, a woman and a little girl were sitting around a brightly flickering wood fire.

"Exouse me," said the stranger, "but I although he did not know her, nor had he have lost my way in the forest and I have come to ask you for a night's lodging under your roof. I am tired and hungry."

The woman at once got up, offered the man her scat, and she then went to a small cupboard and hauled out meat and bread for bered the belt, the wonderful gift from the a meal. In the meantime the stranger dwarf, and he accordingly went to the King talked to the others. He was told that he talked to the others. He was told that he and told him that he would find his daugh-had come into the home of John Meredith, a ter for him. The King was very pleased at

poor laboring man, and his wife and children. John complained to his guest that times were hard and that the winter was cruel, because there was no work to be had on that account. However, the stranger ate he got outside of the city he took his belt, a hearty meal, but when the question of bed put it around his waist and said: "Take me to the abode of Princess Bolinda!"

came up old Meredith was a little confused, because he had only two one for kimself because he had only two, one for himself No sooner had he uttered this sentence and wife and the other for his children. But when he felt himself lifted from the ground, sand wife and the other for his children. But hefore he had time to say anything on the subject, Herold, his son, said: "Father, I guess the gentleman might sleep in our bed, and little Lizzie and I will find rest over there in those chairs."

And so it was decided. The next mornin the front of a large and magnificent castle. There seemed to be great rejoicing go-ing on inside, because he heard singing and playing as if there was a wedding. Her-old went through the castle gate into the park which surrounded the mansion. Ad-vancing along an avenue of trees he sudoutside, the stranger said to old Meredith:
"My dear friend, let me tell you that I am King Cuthbert, the monarch of this land. I was out hunting yesterday and lost my way. I am very pleased with the kind manner in which you have entertained me this night and I mean to be grateful to you.

vancing along an avenue of trees he suddenly saw a beautiful young lady under a big elm tree. The lady was crying, and as Heroid saw the tears roll down her cheeks his heart became filled with pity.

"What ails you, dear lady?" he asked her as he approached in a respectful manner.

"What ails me? I am a very unfortunate Princess, who was stolen from her father's castle and the third who stole me are respected. I see you are very poor and I therefore give you this purse with all the money that is in it, \$100,000. I guess it is enough to keep you eastle, and the thief who stole me now wants to marry me.'

to marry me."

"Are you the Princess Bolinda, King Cuthbert's daughter?"

"Yes; but how do you know me?"

"I am a friend of King Cuthbert, and I have come to fetch you home again, if you will trust yourselt with me." "How could you do that alone? The man

"How could you do that alone? The man who stole me is a mighty man with lots of soldiers, and it would be foolish for you to attempt fighting them all by yourself."
"That might be so," replied Herold. "But I am in the possession of such a charm, which could baffle an army twice as large as Herold. The money you give me, however, I will accept with thanks."

Then Herold spoke up, "Father," he said, "you might as well let me go. You have plenty of money now and you do not need to make any more. Now I would like to go. the world has ever seen.'

"What do you want to do, then?"
"Do you see this belt? Well, you tie that around your waist and as soon as you have done that simply say: 'Take me to my father's house!' and you will be there in a

to return home within a year. Herold did so, and in a short time the King and boy left the little log cabin and rapidly went tried to put the belt around her, but it was so large and her waist so small that it want find it mysoif.—Life. very short time."

twice around her. At last, however, the belt was fixed. Then Herold bade her to say the sentence, and she had no more than say the sentence, and she had no more than merely uttered the last word when she was lifted up and carried away. And it was just in time, too, because the people in the castle who had missed the Princess came now rushing down the avenue to find her, but when they came to the but when they came to the place where Herold stood, Bolinda was already out of sight. They asked Herold whether he had

seen a lady about the park, and he replied:
"Yes, I saw Princess Bolinda just now flying away into the air." They looked at him with an air which seemed to say: "You must be mad; people

can't fly."
Herold, however, said no more. He quietly went out of the park, and he at once traveled home to Cuthbert's castle. He arrived there in a week, and when the King saw him, he came up to him and embraced him like a father would embrace his own

"My daughter has told me all you have done for her and I will not forget to be grateful to you."
Cuthbert made Herold his Secretary of State, and after a few years he also married

nted by the Greeks. In the lower part of the Hotel Tramor

tane, at Sorrento, is a room where, whenever the proprietor calls for them, a number of Sorrentino men and women come in their picturesque costumes, and to the sound of pipe, timbrel, guitar, mandoline (the ancient lute), castagnettes, etc., foot most prettily and vivaciously this curious dance which has come down from the old Greek

days.

Pliny and Elder wrote of it, continues a correspondent of the Paris American Register, and described it most fully. In his day it was called "the dance of Gades" (Cadiz), because it had been brought to great per fection in that city on the Atlantic; but he says that it was imported into Gades by the Greeks, who, you will remember, had large settlements around the whole of the Mediterranean shores, and far up ia. The tarantella in Spain is to-day called the "fandango," and so it is in Portugal, in Brazil, and in all Spanish America. Curiously enough, the first time that I ever heard fandango airs played was on a summer night in the Plazagol Cadiz. But in no part of Spain or Portugal, or Latin America, will you see the fandango or tarantella danced as in Sorrento. It is there in its perfection, and it is not merely dancing that you have, but they also sing the popular Neapolitan airs, for the dancers are singers, as many of your readers will testify who heard them at the Italian Exhibition in London last year. One of them—a falegname (a carpenter)—played most exquisitely on the mandoline. I think that I never heard the air "Il Pescatore" from "Lucretia Borgia" more sweetly and touchingly rendered, than by this little carpenter on his mandoline. The leader, whose name is Neapolitano, is, as I was informed by the head waiter of the Tramontano, a hairdresser of Sor-rento-a local "barber of Seville." The other guitar player, Antonio, is also a good composer of music; the lithe young fellow, who danced so capriolscally—to coin a word —is an olive-wood cutter, and the other male members of the corps are mechanics in various callings; while the women dancers are silk weavers, or, as married women, keepers of their own houses. The tallest woman, and one of the most graceful of the

I forgot to say that, in addition to the inthing for himself, but that he would like to know the quickest way to get to King Cuthbert's castle. "The King has lost his way and he is in that cave there asleep."

"Ah!" said the dwarf. "I saw a number lection is taken at the close of the performof his friends not long ago looking for him. | ance, and all are supposed to contribute at least two francs each.

lancers, is the Wife of the little mando

linist.

A WOMAN'S WEAPON.

She Isn't Afraid of it, and It's Better Than to Get Your Gun. est and Stream. I

A long-range, globe-sighted rifle in the hands of a marksman can be made to run a score of bullseyes down a firing range, but will it in the timber de better work on deer than a bored-out musket loaded with buckshot? The size of your game-bag, or rather bag of game, depends a great deal on the knowledge of the firearms you're used to. An estimable English lady who came to Canada some 25 years ago was one day deeply interested in getting out the washing. She had sheets and tablecloths out drying, when to her horror she saw the line go down and her spotless clothes trampled in the dirt. A large buck caught by the antlers was the cause of the trouble. There was not a man within five miles of herthey all had gone to neighbor's for the day. She screamed, and the deer, the more he plunged the tighter he got wound up, and the louder she velled. Something had to be done, and done at once. She had a fine be done, and done at once. She had a fine gun in the house, loaded, but she would not approach it, as firearms were her special dread. Among her possessions she had a large pair of tongs—fire tongs—that she had brought over with her. She throughly un-derstood this firearm, and with all her housewifely instincts outraged, she grabbed them and sailed in. She had her clothing slightly torn, but within five minutes they had venison; she literally pounded the buck's skull to a jelly, after which she told me she sat down and had a good cry. It all depends on what you're used to.

A UNIQUE BILL OF FARE.

It Affords Proof Positive That There is Nothing in a Name.

Chicago Herald.] A few evenings ago Manager Phil Lehnen, proprietor of the destroyed Windsor Theater, dropped into a North Clark street restaurant for his supper. He had been working hard around the ruins all day, was exceedingly hungry, and did not want to go far away for his meal, so he tackled the first place he came across. It was more of a concert hall than a restaurant, and whenhe asked what they could serve the German waitress took a pencil and laboriously worked out the following unique menu employing German characters in the writing.
Ros bif, Bifalamofk, Ros dog, Motton
yops, Tomedi sos, Polk yops, Wehlkodledtz."

A very liberal translation of this unique bill of fare would read as follows: "Roast beef, beef a la mode, roast duck, mutton chops, tomato sauce, pork chops, and veal cutlets." Manager Lehnen studied it out with great effort gave his order, and de-clared afterward that there was nothing in



Traveler-Don't you see my hands full, and I can't get at my pockets? Solicitor-I didn't intend to discommode

OCEAN GREYHOUNDS

Opinions of Some Marine Experts Upon the Ship of the Future.

WHAT IS THE LIMIT OF SPEED

Is the Question Agitating Shipbuilders

and Shipowners. CROSSING THE OCEAN IN FIVE DATS

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. Can the Atlantic be crossed in five days? That is a question that just now is agitating the minds of all interested in maritime progress. The marvelous performance of the City of Paris, and the great progress that has been made in maritime machinery and in ship building, gives reason to believe that the day is not far distant when the record will be cut down to five or five and a half days from Sandy Hook to Fastnet

There is not a sea captain or engineer who crosses the ocean who would be willing to admit that he is trying to break the record. Such an admission would work incalculable injury to the line. All These old sea dogs are as mum as an oyster on the question of speed. The men who are building the ships and devoting their time and energies to new machinery and other appliances that will increase the speed are likewise diffident about giving information, for their rivals would be quick to take advantage of it; but there are some men in New York who are posted on the question of the progress of fast time at sea. They are the editors of the

various maritime newspapers. The average reader may not be aware that there are half a dozen newspapers published in this city devoted to steamships, sailing vessels and the wants, hopes and ambitions of those who "go down to the sea in ships," and yet such is the case. Prominent among these papers are the Marine Journal, the Ocean, Marine Law, Maritime Register and the Nautical Gazette. The editors of these papers are watching with intense interest the records of the various Atlantic greyhounds. It is their business to be informed of all new appliances and to study the progress made in building fast ships. In re-cent conversations they have expressed themselves very fully.

THE OPINIONS OF AN EXPERT. John H. Gould, the editor of the Ocean, was asked the other day, "What progress has been made in the building of steamships of late years?"

"Phenomenal strides my dear sir. The

ocean can be crosed now in just about half the time that it took 10 or 15 years ago. The commencement of rapid ocean transit dates back to the year 1867, when the old steamship City of Paris, Inman Line, crossed from New York to Queenstown in 7 days 23 hours 4 minutes. In December of the year 1869 the steamship City of Brussels, of the same line accomplished the passage in 7 days 20 hours 10 minutes.
"The record was again broken in the sum-

mer of the year 1875 by the steamship City of Richmond in 7 days 19 hours 45 minutes and in the fall of the same year by the City of Berlin, from Queenstown to Sandy Hook, in 7 days 18 hours 40 minutes. In February, 1876, the laurels were claimed by the White Star Line steamship Germanic, which ran from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in 7 days 15 hours 17 minutes, and in April, 1877, the same steamship further reduced the time to
7 days 11 hours 37 minutes. The Britannic,
the ambition of one of the chief Atlantic

maiden trip on record, and she was after-ward sold to the Italian Government for special service. In August, 1884, the Oregon of the Guion Line made the journey in 6 days 9 hours 42 minutes, outdistancing all rivals. She was afterward sold to the Cunard

Line, and was wrecked shortly afterward within sight of New York. "In 1885 the Etruria reduced the time to 6 days 9 hours for an eastward trip, and in the same year, on her westward trip, accomplished the journey in 6 days 5 hours 31 minutes. She was beaten in May, 1887, by the Umbria on her westward passage, the latter vessel recording 6 days 4 hours 42 minutes, which was in turn outrivaled by her sister steamship Etruria in September 1888, placing the record at 6 days 1 hour 50. minutes, and she appropriated to herself the title of greyhound or the Atlantic and champion of the ocean fleets. The City of New York has made the best average on her first three voyages, and the City of Paris now has a long lead with her magnificent run of 5 days, 23 hours and 7 minutes." HOW THE WORLD WILL BENEFIT.

"In what way will this increase of speed benefit the world generally?"
"It will be of material value to all classes The mail service will be more regular and more constant, and this will be absolutely beneficial. Then to passengers who have urgent business on the other side and to visitors also, it will be a great boon, for while these modern vessels are most luxuriously appointed, most people who travel on them don't care how soon they set foot on terra firma again, especially if they suffer from seasickness. The remarkable increase in speed will also have an influence on commerce and freight as well, but this is too large a subject for me to deal with, even if I felt competent to do so."
"What will be the minimum time in

which the ocean will be crossed in future?" "That is prospective entirely," replied Mr. Gould. "I can give you my opinion and that is all. It has been suggested at various times that the ocean will be crossed in five days and even less. I am always very chary of giving my opinions on questions of this kind, because I may state something which is beyond the power of demonstrations. stration, but I am free to contess that I have great faith in the possibilities of things. At present there is a model of a ship that was intended for the Guion Line. It was designed by the late Sir William Pierce, Chairman of the Fairchild Shipbuilding Company, Glasgow, and is expected to do the ocean in five days. When completed it will probably sail under the Guion flag. This vessel has four funnels and two masts

rigged fore and aft.
"It is not yet known what the capacity of the twin screw is, but shipbuilders are convinced that it has come to stay. The City of Paris, on her initial trip, had one set of engines stopped for several hours; the other was kept at work and the ship made excelwas kept at work and the ship made excel-lent time during the interim. It has also been suggested that the American vessels should cross from Montauk Point to Mil-lord Haven, but this is still 'in the air.'" "What is the highest rate of speed yet at-

"The City of Paris on her last trip made an average of 231/2 knots an hour-this is "Does increased speed mean increased

tained?" I inquired.

dangers?"
"This is a much vexed qustion. A great many captains have been of the opinion that fast traveling lessens rather than increases danger, so that when going through a fog it is really safer to go full speed, because you get out of danger so much quicker. Whereas that is the opinion of some captains, as far as my own personal opinion is concerned I do not think that fast traveling incurs any nore danger than slow traveling.

MR. BRADLEY GIVES HIS IDEAS. Mr. D. L. Bradley, editor of Marine Law and Topics, was asked pretty much the same questions. He replied as follows: "There have been rapid strides made in the last few years in iron and steel shipbuilding, both in strength and speed. English ship architects have opened their eyes to the requirements of the times, have broken through the formalities of early prejudice and adopted the method of iron uction suited most effectively to the

"Speed, freight capacity and safety are the objects to be considered, and in those re-quisites there is improvement in every new ocean steamer built. The development of the new marine engine through its various stages from the old low-pressure type to the compound, triple and quadruple style of the present time, has been marvelous, and yet the end of improvements has not been

Rapid transit undoubtedly has a few enefits," continued the editor, with mild areasm. "The mail is given to the fastest and cheapest steamers, and, as John Roach said in an address before the Congressional Committee on American Shipping in 1882: "The fast mail steamer is the key to unlock the commerce of the world. I believe the Atlantic will be grossed in the page (unre-Atlantic will be crossed in the near future in less than six days.' The City of New York has not reached expectations, but the City of Paris has surpassed the promise of

her first trip.
"About 12 years ago the Britannie was About 12 years ago the Britainic was considered the champion of the Atlantic fleet. The best record, until recently, was held by the Etruria. It was her eastward passage, June, 1888, time 6 days, 1 hour and 55 minutes. Her best westward passage was made in April of the same year, time 6 days, 4 hours and 40 minutes. The Umbria comes next, in May, 1887, 6 days, 14 hours and 42 minutes. And now the City of Paris has beaten them all."

FOG THE GREATEST DANGER.

"What about danger?" "There is certainly more danger of the machinery 'giving out' in a steamer that is driven to her utmost than one going at a moderate rate. But these matters are pretty well considered in the building of grey-hounds of to-day. The City of New York and her sister steamer, the City of Paris, have twin screws, which are worked independently of each other, so that if the ma-chinery of one should break the steamer would not be disabled.

"Fog dangers are the greatest perils of eccan travel, and most of the disasters occur thereby. It was during a fog that the steamers Celtic and Britannic came into collision May 19, 1887. In that case the find-ing of the Naval Court of Inquiry, after fully considering the testimony, gave it as the opinion that the weather before the colsion had been such as should have induced the masters of the two vessels, as a matter of precaution, to moderate their speed accordng to regulations until more favorable con-

ditions prevailed.
"In neither case was this done. The court was of the opinion that both steamers were running at an excessive speed under the circumstances. The law requires that every ship, whether a sailing or a steam ship, shall in a fog, mist or failing snow go at a mod-erate speed. The term 'moderate speed' is not defined by the law. There should be some limit specified. What some would term moderate speed others would consider

MR. SMITH'S VIEWS. J. R. Smith, editor of the Maritime Register, after thinking for a moment or two over the subject, expressed himself as tol-

"The progress made in the speed of ocean of figures. The records of the steamship lines are a good index of the progress made in the building of steamships during the last decade. The advancement has been prodigious, although by actual comparison with the increase of speed over the previous ten years it may not seem so pronounced. It must, however, be remembered that every additional half knot increase of speed has been gained at an immense cost of money in each individual boat. It is singular that this increase seems to be confined, outside of certain war craft, to either very large steamers or very small ones, to vessels of enormous tonnage, like the Etruria or City of Paris or the torpedo boats.

of the same ocean fleet, in August of the steamer lines to take their passengers on same year, accomplished the trip in 7 days board ship at New York on one Saturday 10 hours 53 minutes.

"We next come to the initial voyage of the America in June, 1884, which sailed from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in 6 days 13 hours 44 minutes. This is the fastest maiden trip on record, and she was afterdently talked about. If the telephone, phonograph, 60 miles an hour railroad train and every investion that seems to threaten to annihilate time and space will benefit mankind, then certainly the faster the ocean steamer can be made to sail the better. The less time the voyage takes the less are the dangers. The quicker communication there is between peoples the better for the peace and commerce of the world, and as a means to that end the fast steamer is of a most de-

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE IT WILL STOP. "Now, the minimum of time it will take to accomplish the trip between Sandy Hook and Fastnet Hook is, to quote an expression I heard the other day, 'something that no fellow can find out.' Forty years ago it was claimed that the Atlantic could be crossed in four days, provided a hull could be built to stand the straining of the engines that would drive a vessel at such an enormous speed.
"I do not believe that a ship builder would

care to give any time as a minimum, in view of what is being done in the way of fast boats being outrivaled by new comers. Of course all the world knows by this time that the City of Paris has made the fastest trip,

thus far, across the Atlantic.
"I have only one thing to add," said the editor, taking up his pen again, "and that is that there is at present in maritime circles a that there is at present in maritime circles a diversity of opinion as to whether a high rate of speed increases the dangers of ocean travel, but the prevailing impression if I presage current opinion aright is that while apparently there is more danger, yet it is only apparent, and is more than counterbalanced by the very decided advantages gained."

CANNOT LIFT THEIR ARMS. Women so Tightly Luced That Raising the

Hand is Torture. Detroit Free Press. 1

Do you know the reason long-handled eyeghases sprang into favor with the ultra eyeglasses sprang into favor with the ultra disease: "It is astonishing what a severe strain fushionable? Well, you know ladies lace, it is on the nervous system of some people to don't you? Yes, everybody knows that, and those who know it from experience Sabbatticus is a well-known disease, and has know it to their very great discomfort; for, with the sleeves made as tight as the skin and the entire dress-waist as close-fitting as compressed flesh and bones will permit, to lift the hand up to the level of the eyes, if it is a possibility (and sometimes it is not), is certainly a dangerous thing to attempt-dangerous because the tightly strained silk dress may split. Besides, it is a painful exertion.

The expansion of certain muscles in an elevated position of the arm and shoulder beyond the narrow limits of the dress is pos-itive torture. Hence the long handle to eyeglass and operaglass was a perfect boom. You will always see the slim waist tight sleeves and long-handled eyeglass together. That slender waist is also together. That slender waist is also answerable for an extra layer of paint or powder, for it makes the face red, not flushed, but a decidedly ugly red.

A Pertinent Name.



Caller-Isn't sub-rosa a rather peculiar name for a servant, Mrs. Lightfoot? Mrs. Lightfoot—Yes; her name is Rosa, and we've added the prefix.

Caller—Oh, I see, because you are all under the Rose.—Life.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS MORALS AND MANNERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

I WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. It is at once interesting and painful to Republican and Protestant Americans to observe how monarchical Europe is exerting itself to boycott France in the matter of her Exposition. The great show of the French Republic is let severely alone by every government from London to St. Petersburg. The European peoples are represented; the rulers are conspicuously absent. America is officially there; but our sympathies are not as actively manifested as they should be. The truth is that Americans are infected by English sentiment. In a recent dispatch cabled to one of our great dailies, a erning reporter indicates this, and points out the cause:

"A mistake regarding France has been estab lished in English literature by Edmund Burke and Thomas Carlyle. The one beheld the orgies of a mob insulting a beautiful Queen and tearing off in frenzy the bandages which despotism has bound upon the eyes of a great nation. The eloquence with which an elevated and chivalrous nature expressed its personal horror became a gospei for English thinking races. The pictorial splendor with which the

races. The pictorial splendor with which the gruff but poetic sage of Chelsea recited the same chronicle of mighty paroxysms length-caned while it illuminated the doctrine of Burke, so that it still survives in England as the philosophy of conservatism against the irresistible progress of political destiny.

"The essential impressions received by the American people about the Republic of France are reflected from English mediums, whose refractions and exaggerations are due not only to Burke and Carlyle, but to the sense of irritation which, it is natural, English interpreters of foreign politics should feel toward peoples who have dispensed with the symbols and revenues of dynasties. Every scene of excitement in the Chamber of Deputies is enlarged into an incipient cataclysm; every breach of conventional decorum in the Senate is tortured into a revelation of impending disaster."

Modern Miracles. Jesus Christ wrought miracles by the direct exertion of omnipotent power. He multiplied a few scanty loaves into a sufficiency for a multitude. He touched the eyes of blindness into exulting sight. He stilled the tumultuous

waves by a transcendent word.

Men work miracles to-day, not in the same way, but almost as really. How? By a trolling the causes and varying the effects. We cannot quiet the tempest, but we can build a ressel which defles and outrides it. Thus the same result is reached. We cannot anoint blind eyes into sight, but we can teach men and women to see with their fingers, and often by medical skill, to open their eyes out of dark-ness that light.

medical skill, to open their eyes out of darkness into light.

Who shall contradict the saying of Adam Smith, that "He is a benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew hefore?" This the scientist does. Wherever the intelligent and industrious man goes, though it be barren waste or pestilential morass, health and abundance follow. Those divinities who the ancients worshiped—Ceres. Pomona and Flora, who strewed and beautified the earth with grains and fruits and flowers, have in modern times doniciled themselves among men, exchanging their divine titles for plain professors of chemistry; and we now call them agriculturalists and horticulturalism. Is not this a beautiful way of walking in the footsteps of the wonder-working Gallican?

The Pulpit's Seed.

There is nothing more needed in the pulpit than directness and simplicity of style. Called as he is, to deal with the most tremendous question—the relation of the soul to God, the function of Jesus Christ, the authority of the Bible, the practicability of the Golden Rule, Bible, the practicability of the Golden Rule, the demand of eterual rectitude, the preacher is bound to level up to his high themes. Shall a minister quibble and trifle in the presence of such earthquake issues? Shall he play the harlequin before the sepulchre, and turn a somersault in front of the cross? Here is Dr. Muchado engaged in whipping his creams into a froth of the consistency of half a nothing. And here is the Rev. Mr. Prettyman exercising the art of spread-eagle to a gaping coterie, while souls are starving for the bread of life. In their magniloquence they In their magniloquence they

Set wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter.
To force up one poor alpperkin of water.
Broad oceans labor with tremendous roar To heave a cockle shell upon the shor

Meanwhile heaven weeps and devils laugh,

Always Seek the Best. Let us never be satisfied with less than the best. The secret of true success is the having a high ideal. It is the part of wisdom to aim at the unattainable. 'Tis a serious error to mistake a hillock for Mount Blanc. Guid coveted wings that he might soar and behold the archangel whom his imagination was obliged to substitute. Had the artist contented himself with some lazy, maccaroni-eating beggar aunning himself stretched out at full length on the pavement of Rome, the low model would have dragged down his canvass to the same miserable level, and no one would voyage to Italy to see his masterpieces. They who would live high must aim higher. The Alpine men are lofty steppers, with a long stride, and their heads are lifted above the fogs that dwell down there in the valley. Look up, and then live up. Read "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas a-Kempis. coveted wings that he might soar and behold

A Test of Modesty. Modesty is one of those retiring virtues which is in danger to be overlooked in this self-assertive and shoving age. The worst is that the occasions for its exercise are so misun-derstood. Here is one who has done some admirable thing which has fastened on many and admiring eyes. If he bedecks himself with fuss and feathers and struts in pride, the admiration of the spectators evaporates in a laugh. Hence, he is under bonds to his own self-respect to wear his honors modestly. If he alf-respect to wear his honors modestly. If he arades them he loses them. Knowing this (to hange, "Hamlet" a little), he "Assumes the virtue, if he has it not."

"Assumes the virtue, if he has it not."

Such modesty is easy. But here is another who has lapsed. Fault is found, and justly. In such a case modesty will be tested, for the natural inclination is to put pride in the place of desert, and to be self-assertive in inverse ratio to the cail. One who, when in the depths, can still be modest, is well on toward deserved canonization. He gains by his modesty a new desert, better than that which comes from lofty achievement. This modesty is always a "candle to merit."

A Sabbath Disease.

A sharp critic refers as follows to a common sit for an hour in the sanctuary. The morbus sabatticus is a wei-known disease, and has been thoroughly diagnosed. The Sunday school measies, which attacks a boy about the time he first begins to use a razor, is frequently met with. Like other forms of measies, it is exceedingly contagious, and frequently when it gets into a class of boys whe will be young men in about five years it breaks up the whole class. There, too, is the prayer meeting colic. class. There, too, is the prayer meeting colic.
We suppose it is the colic because it attacks a
person so suddenly and unexpectedly, and he
recovers from it so soon. He may have been
perfectly able to attend to business all day, and lite well enough to go to a party at 9 o'cle but when the prayer meeting bell rings at 7:3 he is indisposed."

The Beauty of the Heart. The Rev. E. J. Hardy, in his excellent book, "How to be Happy, Tho' Married," writes ome words about courtesy which are worth onsideration: "True courtesy is 'the beauty of the heart."

"True courtesy is 'the beauty of the heart.' How well it is that no one class has a monopoly in this kind of beauty; that while favorable circumstances undoubtedly do render good manners more common among persons moving in higher rather than in lower spheres, there should nevertheless be no positive hindrance to the poorest class having good manners. Here is an illustration of true politeness exhibited by both classes of society. One day, in hartly turning the corner of a crooked street in London, a young lady ran with great force against a ragged little beggar boy, and almost knocked him down. Stopping as soon as she could, she tremed round and said, very kindly, to the boy, 'I beg your pardon, my little fellow: I am very sorry that I ran against you.' The poor boy was astonished. He looked at her for a moment in surprise, and then, taking off about three-quarters of a cap, he made a low bow and said, while a broad, pleasant smile spread over his face, 'You can hev my parding, miss, and welcome; and the next time you run agin me, you may knock me clean down, and I won't say a word.' After the lady had passed on he turned to his companion and said, 'I say, Jim, it's he first time I ever had anybody ask my parding, and its kind o' took me off my feet.'

One very cold day the American preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, bought a paper from a very ragged little boy.' Poor little fellow!' said he, 'aint you cold!' I was sir, before you passed,' replied the boy, with natural good manners."

Creed Toute. Archdescon Farrar has written an articl

ou "Creed Tests," which is copied by British cournals in whole or in part. The trial of the Bishop of Lincoln for unlawful ritualistic ctices led to the article. In it the Arch-con says: "Men say that they multiply ritual srvances in order to glorify the sacrament. observances in order to glorify the sacrament. Is the sacrament glorified by postures and vestments, or by meek, pure and humble hearts? Over half of Europe men not only glorify, but worship, the sacramental elements; they genufiect to them, and pageant them about like an idol. Are those countries better for this blank idolatory? One of the vilest Kings of France, Louis XIV., went on his knees in the mud before the host, and was cheered as a religious king; yet he did so coming from the Caprea of his loathly palace, returning to the sty of his habitual vices. Nations are saved by right-cousness, manliness and self-denial; by preaching a simple Christ to simple men; not by miters and candies and such geezaws." Archdeacon Farrar is a competent judge of the tendency and effect of ritualism, and is one of the broadest of broad churchmen.

Bright Thoughts of Bright Minds. IF the center is to be up in the clouds, let a few of us who care for something practical stop below and be regarded as eccentric.—

I know a lady who owns a little, graymuszled curmudgeon of a dog, with an un-happy eye that kindles like a coal if you only happy eye that kindles like a coal if you only look at him; his nose turns up, his mouth is drawn into wrinkles so as to show his teeth; in short, he has altogether the look of a dug far gone in misanthropy, and totally sick of the world. When he walks he has his tail curled up so tight that it seems to lift his feet from the ground. This wretch is called Beauty.—WASHINGTON IZVING.

It is a remarkable peculiarity with debts that their expanding power continues to in-crease as you contract them.—CHARLES LAMB.

It is no more necessary that a man should re member the meals that have made him healthy than the different books which have made him wise. Let us see the result of wide reading in a full and powerful mind.—Sidney SMITH. THE most learned, acute and diligent student cannot, in the longest life, obtain an entire knowledge of the Bibls. The more deepty he works the mine, the richer he finds the ore. New light continually beams from the seurce of heavenly knowledge to direct his conduct and illustrate the work of God and the ways of men.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

However various our wants may seem what we all need is God. He has given us the earth for our body, but he is himself the soil in which our souls must root; the eternal help, the source of succor, the bread and water of life. Feeding upon Him, we shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, but be satisfied.—H. W. BEECHER.

I HAVE now disposed of all my property my family. There is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that and I had not given them one shilling they would be rich; and if they had not that and I had given them all the world they would be poor.—PATRICK HENRY (in his will).

TEACH me to feel another's woe, To hide the fault I see; The mercy I to others show, That mercy show to me.—POPE.

WHEN I was young the schools used to prepare boys for life; now they prepare them for examinations.—JULES SIMON. THERE is some truth in Senatoffear's defi-

nition of a conservative, as "a person who never fights any of the evils of the day, but contents himself with opposing those who do fight them." Reader, does the coat fit you? DURING the week commencing April 19, and ending April 25, 120 new Societies of Christian Endeavor were organized—the banner week so

THERE is no sweeter charity than that which, in our larger cities, seeks to accumulate a fund in these spring days for the purpose of sending the children of the poor out of the seven-foldthe children of the poor out of the seven-to-heated furnace of the town to breathe the ozone of the country for a few days in summer. Let the little ones (God biess them) learn what nature looks like, and make acquantance with the flowers and the hills and the new mown hay and the birds. Yes, give the children a "country week." God will bless every dollar so contributed.

A BAD CASE OF RHEUMATICS.

Severe Attack of a Common Complaint Among Moonshiners. Detroit Free Press.1 I stopped at a cabin stuck away in the

pine forests, about five or six miles from anywhere, to ask for a drink of water, and finding the man in bed with his face all plastered up, I naturally asked him if he had met with an accident.

"Oh, no." replied the wife as she handed me the gourd. "He 'un has done got rheumaticks."

"Not rhenmatism in the head?" "Reckon it's mostly thar, sah." "I never heard of such a case." I con-

tinued, as I approached the bed. "Howdy, stranger?" said the man as he

sat up. "Rheumaticks like this are pretty common around yere."
"Why, man, you have been pounded! Both your eyes are blackened! You don't call that rheumatism, do you?"
"That's what I dun call it. I had pains and aches and I bought two quarts of moon-shine whisky. Sim Payson, back in the woods, he had pains and aches, and him cum over to help drink it."

"And you got drunk?" "Reckon we mought."
"And had a fight?"
"Reckon we did."

"And that's what you call rheumatism?"
"Stranger, look here," answered the man, as he got one leg out of bed with a groan, 'kin you go fur to declar' that I'd a drank that moonshine firstly if it wasn't to cure rheumaticks? Theold woman and me hev figgered on it, and we can't get it to come out right no other way, and now it you've got a pipe and terbacker I'll stand fur you agin the hull community till the mule lays down."

A HERD OF SHORT-TAILED HOGS. The Ingenious Scheme of a Farmer to Preserve His Pig's Eyesight. Portland Oregonian.1

Mr. William Kerns not long since had a visit from a friend from the East, who wished to purchase land and locate somewhere in this State. Mr. Kerns sent his friend out to look at the Umpqua valley, and he returned with a wonderful tale of the section he visited.

He said that he visited a farmer who had

a great drove of hogs, all of which had lost their tails. He inquired how this had happened, and the farmer said the caudal appendages had been amputated; and when it was asked why this was done he was told it was to prevent the animals from becoming blind. This startling announcement led to further inquiry and ex-

The armer stated that the soil of his farm was what is known as black mud. It is very rich and also very adhesive, and the pigs in wallowing around get their tails daubed with it, and a clod finally accummulates on each pig's tail, which grows by accretion and accumulation to an im-mense size, and becomes so heavy that it drags back the pigs skin so far that the unfortunate animal is no longer able to shut his eyes, and soon becomes blinded from the glare of the sun. By cutting off the pig's tail this catastrophe is avoided and the pig soon grows fat.

How He Lost Her.



Miss Autumu-But would you continue to love me when I became old and passe?
Mr. Peachblow (enthusiastically)—I love
you now, dearest!—Life. HARMONT IN THE HOUSEHOLD. Go and Get Married.

If You Are Musical and Would be Happy, Boston Herald, 1 My advice to young musicians who are dependent on concertising is to marry. It is rash, but fashionable, and the pull now

seems in the direction of harmonious partnership on the stage. However storms may rage behind the scenes, in public domestic bliss plays the piano and warbles like birds on a summer's day, while the world -the wise old world-winks its eye, but says, "how pretty." Well, it is "pretty"

says, "how pretty." Well, it is "pretty" to see two artists in accord, even if the bond that binds is composed of dollars and cents. How much of the success of these dual entertainments is due to the fact that the performers are married need not be mentioned, for it goes without saying.

The spectacle of art and youth, love and talent, combined, touches a sentimental chord, and besides, what a saving of expense for the artist! He sings, she plays his accompaniments, or vice versa, and there are no conflicting jealousies to spoil a song or trip up the planist! This is why the sage tells vocalists and violinists to wed each other, and give their show without each other, and give their show without any one else's intervention or assistance. The Henschel's are standing examples of what marriage does for art, and the Korbays are not far behind them in what may be termed the does not in professional life. be termed the duo sposi in profes

She Woro a Convict's Garb. Albany Journal.1

"Do you see that woman?" asked a promiment prison official upon a Central Hudson train the otherday. "Yes?" "Well that traveling dress of hers is made of exactly the same material that is used in making uniforms for convicts. She doesn't know it, and not one person out of 500 who has been inside a prison or penitentiary would think of it. The cloth does very well for a traveling dress, but there are people who would object to it because of the base use to which it is put."

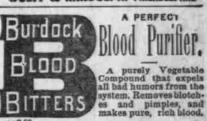


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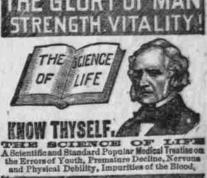
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